

DEAFMUTE'S JOURNAL.

VOLUME LIV

Published Every Thursday,
at 99 Ft. Washington Ave.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1925.

Subscription Price, \$2 a year.

NUMBER 37

Entered as second class matter January 6, 1880, at the Post
Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

MY SHIPS.

Ah, years ago, no matter where,
Beneath what roof or sky,
I dreamed of days, perhaps remote
When ships of mine that were afloat
Should in the harbor lie;
And all the costly freights they bore
Enrich me both in mind and store.

What dreams they were of argosies,
Laden in many a cline;
So stoutly built, so bravely manned.
No fear but they would come to land
At their appointed time.
And I should see them, one by one,
Close furl their sails in summer's sun?

And then, while men in wonder stood,
My ships I would unlade;
My treasures vast they should be
held,
And to my learning or my gold.
What honors would be paid!
And though the years might come and
go,
I could but wiser, richer grow.

I

In later years, no matter where,
Beneath what roof or sky;
I saw the dreams of days remote
Fade out, and ships that were afloat,
As drifting wrecks go by;
And all the many freights they bore
Lay fathoms deep or strewed the
shore!

White ships of which I never thought
Were sailing o'er the sea.
And, one by one, with costlier load,
In safety all the voyage rode,
And brought their freights to me;
Then what I lost a trifle seemed,
And I was richer than I dreamed,

No wondering crowd, with envious
eye;
Looked on my treasures rare;
Yet they were ghter than gold;
They still increase, though I grow old,
And are beyond compare;
Would all the restless hearts I see
Had ships like these that came to me!

—A. D. Randolph.

THE BLIMP AND THE ROGUE.

One morning while up making observations in a small dirigible that the British and the South Africans used in their campaign against Germans East Africa two young aviators had a novel adventure, not with Germans, but with another doughty belligerent of the region. The scene of the adventure was a great tract of high grass and canes between the Ruaha River and Lake Rukwa. One of the aviators was a Scotchman from Johannesburg, named McLellan; the other was an Australian from Sydney, named Gurney.

The engineer of this blimp—as dirigibles that are provided with motive power are often called—had gone wrong, and the aviators were using their craft as a captive balloon. They had sent it up to a height of five or six hundred feet when a sudden squall struck them and set balloon and observers adrift.

"When the tornado first struck us," young Dugald McLellan said in relating what followed, "the balloon bobbed suddenly down a hundred feet or more before the cable broke. The basket swung and twirled about in a manner past belief. I thought we should surely bump against the earth at the end of the rope; but the rope broke, and away we went off across the savanna to the west of the cantonment. The squall swept us on, twirling and stumbling, and all we could do was to hang on."

"I suppose we went fifteen miles in as many mintues. The squall abated as suddenly as it had struck us, and we let out gas at once so as not to be carried farther away. We were sagging slowly toward what seemed to be a sea of high yellow grass with here and there a few palm trees, when suddenly I made out the brown backs of a whole herd of elephants disporting themselves about a water hole before I had gone."

"Three or four of them raised their trunks, and then their ears. They had either seen or scented us. A big tusker, the leader of the herd, trumpeted gruffly twice, and then away they all ran, thirty or forty of them. They struck a twenty-mile gait and went through the high grass with loud swishing sounds."

"Lucky they're shy!" Gurney exclaimed. "If they had taken a notion to investigate, it might have been unpleasant."

"We were now wholly clear of the squall and in a dead calm again. But presently a little breath of air took us on for two or three hundred yards toward a number of palms and

some thickets on the bank of a creek. We wished to save the balloon if we could, and I now threw out a grapple and line, hoping to catch something and come to a standstill, so that we could let out the rest of the gas and fold up the bag before starting to make our way back to camp. The grapple caught in brush.

"We may as well fetch her down here," I said; and Gurney pulled the valve open again, to let the rest of the gas go.

"At that moment we heard a fiendish shriek close by, and there rushed out of the shade of some palms, where he had been lying up, the ugliest old tusker ever hunter set eyes on!

"The moment I saw him I knew he was a rogue. Very often there is one hanging round the outskirts of a herd—an old male elephant, generally a big one, that has long been the herd leader. Time has begun to tell on him, and of late some lusty young male has rebelled against him. There has been a battle, with the rest of the herd looking on, and the young champion has run the old leader out and taken his place. This old boy doesn't like it a bit. He hates the big, impudent youngster, and he will kill him if he could. Generally he tries to, time and again, but he only gets a worse scrubbing and maybe breaks a tusk. The young lady elephants flout him when he comes sneaking up to the herd, and as soon as the young champion despises him he has to run again, or catch it worse. He sinks lower and lower in public esteem and in his own. He grows bitter and misanthropic and gets cross and dangerous to everything that comes near.

"I knew that this was a rogue the instant he charged. The basket was now just brushing the top of the grass, and the brute looked so savage that Gurney jumped out and dived into the high grass. I grabbed for a rifle we had aboard. As Gurney jumped, the balloon, relieved his weight, started to rise again.

"That elephant was so close to us that he actually reached for the basket with his trunk. I shall never forget how red his wicked eyes looked, how his big leathery ears stuck up, and what a perfectly fiendish scream he sent at me as the basket swung over his head.

"Gas was whizzing out all the while, for Gurney had tied the valve cord down, and the balloon had not risen more than twenty feet before it began to settle toward the earth again. The whole big sack was flapping and collapsing overhead. The basket banged against one of the palm trunks, fouled the dropping leaves, then swung out over the open creek bed and came down suddenly in water and mud.

"I hadn't jumped, and the whole tangle of cords and collapsed sack flopped down over me, but not before I caught sight of the old tusker smashing through the thickets and wallowing in the creek bed. He still wanted me! But I was so completely tangled in all those cords that I couldn't run if I had tried; and in a moment more the whole sack was down on me. Whether I should be smothered with gas or crushed under water by the weight of the balloon, I did not know.

"Fortunately, the water was not deep; the basket did not settle much, and its sides held the sack up off me. I lay still, for I could hear old leather-ears splashing round and tugging at the network of cords. I imagine that he didn't like the smell of the gas. He blared now and then as if he were puzzled; evidently he could not make out where I had gone.

"What had become of Gurney I didn't know, but I guessed that he was hiding in the grass. As it turned out, he was equally anxious about me; and by and by I heard him call to me in low tones from behind the creek bank.

"I did not dare answer at first, but the old outlaw heard him, too, and, after listening a moment, rushed up the bank to hunt for him.

"Look out!" I shouted. "He's coming!"

"I didn't know it at the time, but while the elephant was down by the balloon Gurney had crawled up the foot of a small palm and had shinned up the trunk to where he could throw one leg over the stem

of a dropping frond. From that perch he had looked down into the creek bed to see what had become of me. I had kept so quiet that he had been afraid I was killed. At last he had shouted. He was up high enough to be out of reach, and when I answered he shouted again, 'I'm all right!'

"But at the sound of his voice the tusker rushed in that direction, and coursing round the palm tree, blared at him. Finding Gurney out of reach, the creature threw turn round the palm with his trunk, and setting back, gave two or three tugs at it, but failed to break the tree.

"While that was going on I squirmed round in the basket, got hold of the rifle and sprang in a cartridge; then I managed to thrust aside the folds of the big sack, so that I could peep out from under them. I couldn't see much; but I hailed Gurney again and found where he was. We talked a little back and forth, trying to hit on some plan to get out of the scrape.

"The old rascal is listening!" Gurney shouted. "Look out! He's going back to you!"

"I heard the bears come splashing down into the mud and water, and a moment later I saw one of his big legs swing past the opening that I had made for the rifle. I let drive, and I knew that I had hit him.

"A rogue elephant is a queer beast, cowardly, vindictive and murderous. No elephant likes to get hurt. Wound a lion or a rhinoceros, and he will come for you; but if you wound and really hurt an elephant, the chances are that he will run away. This one did. When he felt that bullet he put off up the bed of the creek, trumpeting to wake the dead.

"We waited a while, till we felt sure that the elephant wasn't coming back; then Gurney slid down and helped me lift the folds of the balloon so that I could crawl out. We took our bearings and started back for the cantonment. Traveling through that high grass was not easy; but after three or four miles we met a mounted detail out in search of us." —C. A. Stephens, in *Youth's Companion*.

MEN TO LOOK UP TO.

I believe in hero worship, if by the term you mean the loving admiration of great men. My favorite study has always been biography, and next to that, history, which when properly written is largely an account of the doings of extraordinary men.

I did not know, when a boy, that this admiration for great men is a virtue; and when at the age of twenty I chance to open Thomas Carlyle's *Hero Worship*, I felt that he was merely saying things that I had felt and known all my life.

It is a good fortune to be born with a strong inclination to look upward. It helps you to get the most out of life. The people who habitually look down do not have a very comfortable or profitable time. The person who is able to admire no one must feel terrible lonesome and bored. I pity the man who can find no one before whom he is willing to bow. One of the reasons why so many persons are unhappy is that they have never cultivated the grace of humility. Those hearts are happiest that know best how to love and adore.

WHEN THE ELEPHANT CAME

Goethe said that there are three reverences, one for that there are us, one for that round us, and one for that beneath us. The reverence for what is above us is the earliest to be developed, and it is often alas! the one that is the soonest lost.

Young men not yet out of their teens sometimes seem unable to find anything worth admiring in any man living or dead, and they sit down exultingly in the seat of the scornful. But that man is doomed to an impoverished life who loses the faculty of looking upward. He never rises high who does not know how to love and adore.

THE COLLEGE LECTURER

At the age of eighteen I went to college. On looking back over my college years, I discover that the hours that have faded least under the sunlight and the snows of the seasons are the hours in which I was permitted to stand in the presence of a great man. The great men of my college world were lecturers. They came from afar, tarried only for an evening, and then vanished to return no more. Each one left me in an altered world. They threw round me larger horizons and set me breathing the atmosphere of loftier heights.

One of these miracle-working men was Bob Burdette. He had an enormous reputation for being funny, and so I began to laugh internally before he began to speak. It was not long until my laughter became vocal, and before the lecture was half over I was so hilarious that it is a wonder a policeman did not put me out. I have often wished that I could hear that lecture again. It

abundant in that part of the world in which I grew up, but fortunately for me, there were traveling circuses that made periodic visits to our little town, and a circus always had at least one elephant, and sometimes two. The arrival of the elephant was a great event. I looked forward to elephant day with far more eagerness than to Christmas. Coming events cast their shadows before; and when the shadow of that approaching elephant fell on my eyelids, I could not sleep. Sometimes the elephant walked in from the nearest town. In that case I always went out to meet him. Sometimes he came by freight, and then I stood reverently by and saw that he was properly landed. When the parade passed through the town, I proudly walked as near the elephant as I could. It did me good to love elephants; it expanded my heart.

But this elephant worship after a few years passed away. As I became more and more human, I began to bow down before great humans. What a rapture there is in admiration! I do not mean that niggardly and reluctant admiration which is so common among those who are grown up, but that full-toned, overflowing, glorious admiration of which a healthy boy's heart is capable. As we grow old we become more critical, and it is more difficult to please us. Our eyes are opened to blemishes that escaped us in the morning of life; but in boyhood a hero is every inch a hero, and the greatness of great men suffers no subtractions.

The first great men to awe my heart were political orators who appeared from time to time in the midst of political campaigns. They were all flaming patriots, and, like so many Atlases, carried the world on their shoulders. Solomon was not so wise as the least of them, and every one of them spoke with the eloquence of Demosthenes. I was thrilled and swayed by the music of their golden speech. The names of most of them have faded, but the spell of their eloquence is on me still. They gave me something that the thieving years can never take away. They made me realize that we have a nation, and that it is a nation to be loved and served. They baptized me into the belief that public affairs are of moment, and they trained my young heart to beat in unison with the music of the Union.

One of the giants in those days was James A. Garfield. When not yet famous he came one day to speak in our town hall. I have forgotten everything he said, but the soul of one sentence abides. In speaking of our republic, he compared it with the ocean, and declared that a drop might rise from the ocean's depths and cast back the sunlight from the crest of the highest billow. The sentence thrilled the great audience that heard it and carried me to the stars. The things that thrill us are the things that change the texture of our lives. I grew in stature under the magic of Garfield's bewitching speech. His words were prophetic. Years afterwards he became President of the United States. In college he had swept recitation rooms to pay for his tuition, and in the fullness of time he was permitted to sit in the chair of Washington and Lincoln. The humble drop from the ocean's depths cast back the sun from the highest billow.

He began his lecture in a quiet, conversational tone. That surprised me not a little, for, if a man was an orator, it seemed to me he ought not to waste time in being something else. But the speaker was merely a quiet-voiced gentleman saying things in a calm and sensible way.

I forgave him, however, for I knew that after he once got down to business he would show us what he could do.

But he simply went on and on. After a while I forgot to pay attention to just how he was going on. I simply drank in the words as they flowed from his lips, and then all at once he stopped,—just why I did not understand, for surely he had not spoken for more than ten or twelve minutes,—and I felt confident that he would, after getting his breath, begin again. But to my dismay he walked off the stage, and the lecture was actually ended. I looked at my watch. It said that he had spoken for more than an hour. I could not understand it. I compared my watch with the watch of a friend. They both said the same thing.

WHAT BRECHER TAUGHT

A new idea of eloquence began to dawn on me. I had always supposed it was the art of saying things in such a dramatic way that everyone would sit enraptured, exclaiming, "Ah, this is eloquence!" I now began to surmise that eloquence is talking in such a way that the hearer forgets the clock and merges his soul in the soul of the speaker. That is what had happened to me.

On going home I realized that I had not recognized the greatness of the speaker until the moment in which he ceased. I did not know how high I was until he left me, and I was obliged to clamber down to

had a dog in it that I would give worlds to see. Years afterwards I met Mr. Bardette in California. He had become a minister of the gospel, and was so sober and manly and ordinary that it was hard for me to believe that he was really the same man who had mesmerized me thirty years before.

One evening Joseph Cook came to our way—the majestic and unparalleled Joseph! For months we had been reading about him and his amazing exploits. He was a sort of Samson, who could carry off the gates of Gaza and put flight vast hosts of unbelieving Philistines. He came to us at the very summit of his fame, when he seemed to have got the start of the majestic world and to bearing the palm alone. Had

word arrived from Mars that one of the philosophers of that planet was to lecture in our opera house, I should not have been more profoundly moved. I counted the hours before the great lecturer was to appear. I shuddered at the thought that I might die before this Titan of the East arrived. I lived! I saw him! I heard him! I do not remember what he said, but the memory of the exaltation of my mood is still vivid. I gazed on him as a little child gazes on a star. I was too thoroughly awed to think—I merely sat and felt. After the lecture I followed this son of thunder through the street, but I did not go very near him, for I was afraid that he would turn and look at me.

John B. Gough came, and he, too, was a magician. I had heard of him for years, and now at last my eyes beheld him, and my ears heard him. His voice had in it something that found the corpuscles in the blood. He made us laugh and cry just as he chose. I was amazed that any man should be able to work such wonders. I wished I could look inside his skull and see what the Almighty had hidden there. As this was impossible, I noticed carefully the shape of his forehead and the cut of his mouth and the expression of his eyes. I would travel a thousand miles to hear a man who could be as eloquent to me now as John B. Gough was on that never-to-be-forgotten evening.

At last the great Henry Ward Beecher paid us a visit. I obtained a seat directly in front of him. I know my eyes were open; I am not sure about my mouth. From boyhood I had heard about the famous Brooklyn preacher, and now at last I was to be permitted to hear him! I had always idolized him as the greatest of orators, and now I was to hear what real oratory was.

He began his lecture in a quiet, conversational tone. That surprised me not a little, for, if a man was an orator, it seemed to me he ought not to waste time in being something else. But the speaker was merely a quiet-voiced gentleman saying things in a calm and sensible way.

I forgave him, however, for I knew that after he once got down to business he would show us what he could do.

But he simply went on and on. After a while I forgot to pay attention to just how he was going on. I simply drank in the words as they flowed from his lips, and then all at once he stopped,—just why I did not understand, for surely he had not spoken for more than an hour. I could not understand it. I compared my watch with the watch of a friend. They both said the same thing.

WHAT BRECHER TAUGHT

A new idea of eloquence began to dawn on me. I had always supposed it was the art of saying things in such a dramatic way that everyone would sit enraptured, exclaiming, "Ah, this is eloquence!" I now began to surmise that eloquence is talking in such a way that the hearer forgets the clock and merges his soul in the soul of the speaker. That is what had happened to me.

On going home I realized that I had not recognized the greatness of the speaker until the moment in which he ceased. I did not know how high I was until he left me, and I was obliged to clamber down to

the level of my ordinary existence. I learned that night that eloquence is neither declamation nor any sort of verbal pyrotechnics, but the art of using words in such a way that the clock stops and the forces of the spirit are set free.

College days over, he question arose where I was to pursue my post-graduate studies. I was to be a lawyer, and various Western law schools beckoned me, but they had no attraction, because they were in cities that were lacking in great men known to me. Boston was the only city in the country at that time that abounded in great men who had come within the circle of my knowledge.

One evening Joseph Cook came to our way—the majestic and unparalleled Joseph! For months we had been reading about him and his amazing exploits. He was a sort of Samson, who could carry off the gates of Gaza and put flight vast hosts of unbelieving Philistines. He came to us at the very summit of his fame, when he seemed to have got the start of the majestic world and to bearing the palm alone. Had

word arrived from Mars that one of the philosophers of that planet was to lecture in our opera house, I should not have been more profoundly moved. I counted the hours before the great lecturer was to appear. I shuddered at the thought that I might die before this Titan

Deaf Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 10, 1925.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, *Editor.*

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue), is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year, \$2.00
To Canada and Foreign Countries, \$2.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications. Contributions, subscriptions and business letters, to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

ON account of Labor Day being a holiday, it is necessary to postpone till next week the report of the unveiling of the Gallaudet statue, which took place at West Hartford, Ct., on Monday, September 7th. It will be given in next issue together with a report of the Reunion of the Hartford Alumni Association, which was held on Saturday, September 5th. Several interesting news letters are also postponed for lack of time.

COMPLETE ADDRESS FOR MAIL.

THE Post Office Department has for some time past been conducting an intensive and nation-wide campaign with the view to having mail plainly, completely and correctly addressed. The cooperation of merchants and other business organizations is earnestly solicited. Merchants and others in business can aid materially by including in their letter and bill heads, and other stationery, particular order blanks, envelopes, etc., and also in all advertisements, in magazines and in newspapers, their complete street address.

In effecting delivery of mail in large cities, it must be first distributed to station districts and then to carrier routes. It is obvious that mail is more expeditiously distributed by street and number as when only the name of a firm or building is used, the location must be known to the postal clerk. Names of buildings are frequently changed and in many cases similar. The number of office buildings is increasing so rapidly that the use of names exclusively in addressing mail makes it difficult for post office clerks and railway mail clerks to memorize their names and locations; where, if the street number is used, correct distribution may be made quickly, without regard to the name of the firm or office building.

To expedite the handling and distribution of mail, there are employed large forces of clerks at night and in the early morning hours, and a considerable quantity of mail is distributed on trains by railway mail clerks, in order that it may be ready for delivery immediately upon reaching the post office of address, and the co-operation of patrons in using building numbers instead of, or in addition to, building names will enable this great force of men to make more effective distribution.

The practice of addressing mail to an avenue or street corners tends to confuse the distributor and promotes delays in delivery. Many of the intersecting corners of streets

and avenues are located within the territory of two or more postal station delivery districts. Without definite street number the mail may be misdirected and subsequently further delayed by being assorted to the wrong carrier route, several different carrier routes serving the mail for the various corners. The proper way is to address mail to house number and street.

The inclusion of the number of the room, as well as the building number and name of street, enables the carrier promptly to route such mail for proper delivery, and that this is especially true when an inexperienced substitute carrier is working in place of the regular carrier, or when a new carrier is assigned to the route, which might result in the mail being sent to the directory section for proper address, necessitating further delay in delivery.

Railway mail clerks make distribution enroute on trains on railroad lines terminating in States distant from here. Many of these mail clerks have probably never visited this city. The scheme of distribution they study is based on street or avenue address, house numbers being a necessary and important factor.

Merchants, firms or other patrons, who receive mail through post office boxes, should print the number of their post office box and postal station district on their stationery as their mail address, otherwise delays will result. As previously indicated, mail is distributed according to street address, and if the lock box number is omitted, the mail is sorted to the carrier and he readdresses or relays the mail to the lock box window, thus making an additional handling involving delay which could be avoided.

The foregoing suggestions, relative to addresses on mail intended for delivery at business places, applies in equal force to matter directed to apartment houses. It is a distinct advantage to include in the address the street and number of the apartment building, also the apartment or suite number.

Cooperation by merchants and business concerns generally, along the lines indicated, will result in expeditious handling and delivery of mail frequently avoiding many hours delay. Many firms and corporations have titles that appear similar, and the street location and number will often prevent wrong delivery.

Quick Excavation.

When Sir Harry Lauder, the Scottish comedian, gave an entertainment to the Canadian up near Ypres, he took his place at the bottom of a sort of natural amphitheatre, on the sides of which the soldiers grouped themselves. After he was through he stood talking with one of the officers, and asked him how often the German shells landed fair inside the concentration camp.

"Oh, I don't know," said the officer slowly. He looked around. "You know that hole you were singing in just now?"

I nodded, says the comedian. I had guessed that it had been made by a shell.

"Well, that's the result of a Boche shell," he said. "If you'd come yesterday we'd have had to find another place for your concert."

"Oh! is that so?" I said.

"Ay," he said, and grinned. "We didn't tell you before, Harry, because we didn't want you to feel nervous or anything like that as you were singing. But it was obliging of Fritz, now wasn't it? Think of his taking the trouble to dig out a fine theatre for us that way!"

"It was obliging of him, to be sure," I said rather dryly.

"That's what we said," said the officer. "Why, as soon as I saw the hole that shell had made, I said to Campbell, 'By Jove, there's the very place for Harry Lauder's concert tomorrow!' And he agreed with me!"

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rev. Warren M. Smautz, Missionary, 3226 N. 16th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

First Sunday, Holy Communion, 3:30 P.M.
Last Sunday, Litany and Sermon, 3:30 P.M.
Other Sundays, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 3:30 P.M.

Bible Class, Every Sunday, 2:30 P.M.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—\$2.00 a year.

CHICAGO.

The birds are flying southward and the great guys pass thru town, From far and near they come, old dear—these silents of re-known: One drove for sixteen thousand miles; one brings a Co-Ed bride; And one—they say—but wanders round the charming countryside; One took a course in medicine; one studied law at Yale Chicago Deadfond's pleased and proud to bid them hail, all hail!

The only deaf-mute, who ever studied law at Yale University, disembarked his long, lean, lanky limbs, in this baliwick on the 30th—James A. Sullivan, a teacher in the Hartford, Ct., School. "Scully" spent an ambitious summer, visiting numerous schools in his swing around the country, which embraced such points as Washington, New Orleans, Texas, Los Angeles, Tia Juanta, San Francisco, Salt Lake, Colorado Springs, "Foltz' Zamboree" in Kansas, Olathe, Chicago, and Pittsburgh. He was due back home in time to serve as chairman of the lawn-fete during the monument ceremonies in Hartford around Labor Day. Sully—Gallaudet, '17—used to run on the relay teams in the University of Pennsylvania relays, and still has the lean, wiry build of typical human-greyhound. Chicagoans strove to make him at home. L. Cherry wisely brought him up to the JOURNAL Office, knowing he would be "good copy," and he spent the remainder of his two day stay with a party of the elite entertained him that night, and next day was spent in displaying the Stock Yards, the "Pit" and LaSalle Street, an observation or Chicago from the air, etc.

Clarence Murdy—used-to-was an Illinois, but now a Los Angeles—is summering in and around these parts. He left Los Angeles, April 22d, in his Reo sedan (equipped to make a Pullman bed at night, and carrying oil stove and complete camping equipment on the running board) arriving in Baltimore 14 days later. In New Mexico some Indians in a pesky Ford caused him to upset in a ditch while trying to avoid a collision. Repairs cost several hundred dollars. Since then he and his rambling Reo have rumbled hither and yon, in Washington, New Jersey, New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. He wafts like the wind—and like the wind he wafts whether he listeth. His spedometer shows 16,740 miles this year.

Leslie Elmer and wife passed through town on the 30th, to resume their duties as teachers in the Tennessee school, following a summer in California. Elmer is the only deaf man I know of who completed a physician's course in a hearing university, following his graduation from Gallaudet.

Francis P. Gibson delivered an address August 27th, at the banquet of the convention of the Iowa Association of the Deaf in Cedar Rapids. His subject was "I. O. W. A." This Toastmaster Tom Anderson explained in his characteristic witty vein, meant: "I Only Wander Around." In reality it stood for: "Is Our Wish Achieved?" and had to do with the wonderful work which shall stand forever as a monument to the spirit of American Deafdom and to Gibson and his faithful followers. Gibson spent five days in Cedar Rapids, then Tom Anderson and wife took him in their car to Des Moines, where he spent a couple of days at the John A. Robinson home. Tom Anderson was in charge of the exhibit of the Iowa State School for the Deaf in the State fair held in Des Moines. Gibson got back to his desk on the 31st, avowing the silents of Cedar Rapids, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, Omaha and vicinity were the salt of the earth—as nice a bunch as ever trod God's good green foot-stool.

Gibson's next trip starts with an address in Buffalo October 3d, thence to Pennsylvania points with a banquet at Reading, October 10th. Eastern parties reading this may be able to schedule him around that time by taking prompt action.

Mrs. Wm. J. O'Neil, neept, "the youngest grandmother in captivity," was given a belated birthday surprise party at Mrs. J. Meagher's flat on the 27th, receiving an imitation-diamond bracelet and other pretty trinkets. Three tables of \$500 were played, prizes going to Mrs. W. Barrow and Mrs. W. Whitson. Mrs. O'Neil herself taking the booby award. The Bob Blair—just back from California—drove up in their Pierce-Arrow just as "Amens" were said, delayed unfortunately.

Not satisfied with accompanying her husband on a three month trip last spring, stopping at Louisville, Cincinnati, Columbus, Toledo and way-stations, this Mrs. O'Neil has again succumbed to the wanderland. Her hubby probably calls it the "squanderlust." She left on the 4th for several weeks in Delavan and other Wisconsin points, visiting old friends.

Foster D. Gilbert, for seven years a high-class chemist at the Akron Goodyear plant, has been "laid off"—that means fired—and is now studying in the Effingham, Ill., photo-engraving school, together with a Texan silent named Tambkin. Otto Seidowski put two coats of

Gilbert the super-wrestler! Friend of the powers in the good old days before President Seiberling was caught in the panic and fired by the big bankers, who grabbed his plant. Those of us 650 silents clustered there during the World War—now scattered far and wide—will sadly observe this glaring example of the way Goodyear's glowing promises have been carried out.

Clyde Stevens was married in Marquette, Mich., on the 26th to a fellow-teacher in the Michigan State School in Flint—a Miss Ruth Anderson, pretty (I don't mean maybe) a very pretty and charming hearing girl, who was a Co-ed in the University of Chicago not so long ago. They spent most of their honeymoon in Chicago, and appeared devotedly content.

Fred Sibitzky is back after a tour of the East. While in Boston, he met Ed. Rowse, and was invited to take the bunk of Rowse's chum, who was on vacation. He states Rowse looks vastly improved since he left Chicago.

Ethelbert Hunter is a thoughtful cuss. He persuaded the Union Printers' Club, which has nice loop decks of playing cards to the Home for Aged Deaf. The cards had been used but once. The strict rules of the Printers' Club demand they be destroyed after a single game, but Hunter's eloquence against this destruction, when it was as easy to do a charitable act, caused the club men to waive the requirement this once.

Mrs. Milt Stout, of Jacksonville, spent several weeks visiting her daughter here.

Mrs. Gus Hyman and the Home inmates are back after spending ten days in a cottage at Lake Delavan, Wis., kindly furnished by the Rev. Dr. P. J. Hasenstab. Mrs. Hyman and the Dr. spent all of one day in a boat with Frederick Neesam, the expert-fisherman, trying to coax the finny tribe to bite. Mrs. Hyman caught a two-pound pike, and the Rev. hooked one, weighing 3½ pounds—while the great Neesam went fishless. That is one of the best jokes brought home from Wisconsin in these many moons.

Dr. J. Schuyler Long, principal of the Iowa school, and wife drove through the city to deliver an address in Milwaukee on the 29th.

Arthur L. Roberts, President of the National Association of the Deaf, left on the 3d to attend the big doings in Hartford, Ct. He is expected back on the 15th, bringing his wife who has been summering with her mother in Cleveland.

Sidney Howard, who preceded us on the thankless task of trying to please everybody (and pleasing none, alas) by scribbling this Chicago column, is living—really living—in California-the-blessed. From July 1st to August 19th, he picked 60 quarts of blackberries.

Mrs. Johnnie Sullivan entered her baby Shirley in the "Better Babies Conference" at the Aurora Fair.

Mrs. George Schriver is back after a month in the East, stopping principally in Rochester, Newark and Buffalo, N. Y., and Cleveland.

Mrs. J. Sowell and daughter passed through town on their way back to Omaha, August 29th, after a month in Cleveland, where Miss Alice studied stage dancing under the celebrated Prof. Stefano Mazzagno.

Fred Hartung, Jr., is back from a vacation spent with his aunt in Kewanee.

The Paul Bellings are said to have visited Detroit in their car.

THE MEAGHERS.

HOME FOR THE DEAF NEAR WESTERVILLE, OHIO.

Mr. and Mrs. John Winemiller, their son and Mrs. Ella Zell came down to this Home in an automobile on a visit for an hour on Sunday afternoon, August 23d. Mrs. Zell had a good conversation with Mr. William Clark, partially blind. She will go to New York City in a few days to wait for the arrival of her son, Ernest Zell, daughter, Miss Ethel Zell and Miss Cloa Lamson at that city from France, where they had attended the Teachers' Conference in London last July.

Mrs. Artie Carr, who visited with her brother and folks for a week and also attended the family reunion in Mansfield, Ohio, last week, returned home on Monday afternoon. She had a delightful time.

Mr. A. J. Beckert took Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Steward, Miss Agnes Willmeth and George Black along with him to this Home in an automobile on Tuesday evening, August 25th. They attended the movie show, which was really good. Mr. Steward is a teacher at the Ohio State School for the Deaf. Miss Willmeth came up to Columbus from Marion, Ohio, where she secured a good position in the Timken Bearing Co. She has been working in the shop for nearly two years and likes it very well. She is rooming at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Black.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hunter have just returned from several days' visit in Walla Walla. The Hunters every summer spend a good deal of time in their car, getting the utmost benefit possible from our splendid climate. That puts the sporting coach at Vancouver in good shape for his winter's work.

Mr. Ed. W. Miland, of Yakima, has just sent in a check for \$76 for the Home Fund. Most of the money was raised by Mrs. Wm. Seipp among hearing friends in and near Yakima.

Mr. C. H. Langlin, of Olathe, Kan., recently sent us his catalogue of Tancred and Barron Strains High Egg-Record Pedigreed Single Comb, White Leghorns, raised on his Englewood Egg Farm, near Kansas City. He has about \$10,000 invested in the egg farm, and some of his birds sell as high as \$30 each. Hatching eggs sell at 50 cents each,

gray paint on the poultry-house this week, and looks very nice.

Mr. William Eichler rode his bicycle to this Home on Thursday, August 27th, to help putting in the windows for the henry, which will take a few days.

Mr. Corydon Cook, after having taken his vacation with his sons in Montpelier, Ohio, and Grandville, Michigan, since last June, left the above town for Columbus on Friday evening, August 28th. Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Osborn met him at the Union Depot and brought him here. Mr. Cook reports as having an enjoyable time. He looks well.

On Thursday, August 27th,

THE HANSONS.
August 27, 1925.

Canadian Clippings.

SARNIA SAYINGS

After a delightful holiday spent with relatives and friends in various parts of the States of Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts, of Toronto, arrived here from Chicago on August 22d, and spent a few days with the Henderson family.

Mrs. Claud Carlton, of Orosio, Mich., and Miss Lily B. Howell of Carland, Mich., and the former's son motored down to Port Huron, spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Cresin. Mrs. A. L. Hall, of Lancaster, Pa., was also there at the same time. They all attended Mr. H. W. Roberts' meeting in Sarnia on August 9th.

While at the picnic at Belle Isle, in Detroit, on August 27th, we were delighted to meet Mrs. Eames and her two sons, of St. Thomas, step-mother of Mrs. John Smallwood, of the "Railway City." The elder of the two sons, Earl, was anxious to see the sights of Detroit before going to school at Belleville.

Mr. and Mrs. David Alexander, Hensell were among the thousands of visitors, who visited Clinton during the Old Boys Reunion recently.

Mrs. Orla Wilcox, of London, was lately out on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur White in Stratford recently.

Mrs. Claud Carlton, of Orosio, Mich., and Miss Lily B. Howell of Carland, Mich., and the former's son motored down to Port Huron, spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Cresin. Mrs. A. L. Hall, of Lancaster, Pa., was also there at the same time. They all attended Mr. H. W. Roberts' meeting in Sarnia on August 9th.

TORONTO TIDINGS

Miss Norma Smith and Miss Anna Bell Thomason have returned home after enjoying a pleasant weeks' holidays with the former's sister in Detroit.

Mr. John Marsall had his mother, sister and younger brother as his guests during the first few days of the exhibition. On August 30th, he took them all for a trip to Whity-by.

Mrs. John E. Crough and children, of Walkerville, came down for a month's stay with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Buchan, Sr.

Miss Beulah Wilson is back again from a fortnight's pleasant holiday spent at Niagara Falls, Aurora, Jackson's Point and Sutton West.

No sooner had your reporter arrived home on August 29th from his three weeks' vacation when he was confronted by a bushful of mail matter. He is now doing his best to catch up.

We hear that Mr. Edgar Every-Clayton, who left here last June for British Columbia, has been unable to find steady work on the Pacific Slope, and is anxious to return to his old job here. We hope he gets it back.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE.

The Deaf-Mutes' Union League now has on its roster 265 members, and at each meeting applications are pouring in. During the summer most of the members, instead of coming to the club rooms, have sought cooler places at the beaches, of which there are many within an hour's journey of the metropolis. As Autumn is now here with us, the usual large gathering is expected at the rooms, in fact it was noticeable last week, as many of the members who spent the summer at sea shore, or in the country, have returned, in order to prepare their children for the opening of school.

No Summer Outing was held this year, but during the winter there may be one or two public entertainments open to the public, as the committee in charge have made applications for a place to hold these, and as soon as favorable replies are received they will give out their plans.

But the chief function of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League will be on Saturday, January 2d, when they will celebrate the 40th anniversary of the founding of the League. From four members it has grown to 265, and several more applications pending.

From all indications the 40th anniversary celebration will be a big affair, surpassing anything ever given by the League.

At this function only members and ladies, invited by the members will be present. More of this anon.

By the way, a word concerning the Deaf-Mutes' Union League at this time won't be amiss. It began with the purpose of getting together graduates of the Lexington School, but later threw its doors open to all deaf-mutes (a good move), and thereafter the success of the organization began, and at this time, even if no entertainments are given, the club is self-supporting from dues and receipts derived from the three pool tables and other sources, which includes interest from bonds and banks.

It is the foremost club for the deaf in the country. Its members do not have to worry about its management, for each year they elect competent officers, who perform their duties faithfully. They also have a Board of Governors, whose duties are enormous, including the approval or rejection of applicants for admission to membership. They also have a Board of Trustees to whom are entrusted the management of its funds, an Entertainment Committee, an Athletic Committee, a House Committee, and a Custodian, who has charge of the rooms, and keeps them in order.

The organization holds business meetings on the second Thursday of each month. The Board of Governors meets on the first Tuesday of each month, and submits reports to the members when they meet, consequently every thing is run smoothly.

The pleasure derived in being a member of this organization are too many to mention here as each member has a key to the rooms, and can go there at any time, but the evenings on which most of the members assemble are Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings.

Its rooms are at 143 West 125th Street, Manhattan.

Its present officers are: Max Miller, President; Israel Koplowitz, First Vice-President; Abraham Barr, Second Vice-President; Joseph Mortiller, Secretary; Samuel Lowenthal, Treasurer. The Board of Governors consist of Emanuel Souweine, Harry Glosten and Joseph Graham.

LUTHERAN GUILD PICNIC.

The Lutheran Guild for the Deaf held its annual Picnic at Forest Park (Ground No. 3), on August 30th, from half past ten in the morning till dusk.

The organization was favored by the most beautiful weather, and the attendance was fair.

By 12 o'clock (noon) most of the members had arrived, and they gathered under shade trees, where Rev. Mr. Boll conducted a short service.

After the service games were played, and the prizes given to the winners were beautiful and expensive.

Mr. Arwinski was the Chairman, and to him and his committee credit must be given for the success of the affair.

Messrs. Allan Hitchcock and Wilbur Bowers own and sail a motor boat, which they own. Some time on Saturday and Sunday afternoon they invite friends, who say that they are quickly developing to be first class sailors, and also that cruising on the deep blue sea is very delightful.

Mr. William Lipgens arrived home on the Steamship "Columbia" last Sunday, August 30th, from Germany, where he had gone to spend his vacation, and says he met many old friends there, and visited many scenes of his boyhood.

Mr. Israel Solomon on Thursday evening last was all smile, the reason was soon manifest. His wife and little daughter Hortense, who spent the summer at Pleasant Valley, N. Y., returned home that very morning.

Mr. Joseph Worzel returned home last week from Crystal Lake Camp in Connecticut, where he spent the summer. He is looking the picture of health, and is now fit to resume his duties as Physical Director at the Lexington Avenue School.

Miss Anna Hoffman on Monday was in Ferndale, N. Y., having autoed there from New York City, and enjoyed the beautiful scenery all the way. Her three-day holiday was well spent.

Mrs. M. L. Haight, her daughter, Mrs. Hunt, and Mrs. Henry W. Syle, of Philadelphia, sailed for Europe on the "Savio" September 5th, to be gone about two months.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Simonson and Mr. and Mrs. Osmond Loew have returned from a delightful sojourn at Bay of Naples, Maine.

The Misses Virginia and Elizabeth Gallaudet returned from Yarmouth, Me., last Saturday, where they spent a delightful month.

Mr. Geo. Olsen had a vacation at West Sangerettes, N. Y., with Mr. William Renner as his host, and re-ports a capital time.

Mrs. A. Rembeck on September 2d was in Toledo, Ohio. She will be among those present at the Ohio Alumni Reunion.

Mrs. J. Kansriddle has returned to her home after two weeks' stay in Staten Island, the guest of Mrs. Terry Knowlates.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean P. Gruet, of Northville, announce the birth of a son Sunday, September 6th, named Junior.

Mr. Louis C. Radlem motor-cycled to Philadelphia on Saturday, and spent the three days there very pleasantly.

Mr. John N. Funk spent the week-end of Labor Day in Northville, N. Y., with his family.

Reading, Pa.

Arrangements are nearing completion for the Tenth Anniversary of Reading, Division, No. 54, N. F. S. D., to be held October 10th, at the Y. M. C. A., 7th and Washington Street, Reading.

It is almost certain that Grand Secretary Gibson will be there. The committee in charge of the affair is looking to one hundred guests. Entertainment for Sunday cannot be announced until a later date, but a good time is assured.

Tickets have been sent out to members of the Division, and the sooner they are paid for the better the plans can be made. Some have received one ticket, others two. The chairman would be pleased to fill in requests for more tickets for guests of members, so if you want to attend and have no ticket, kindly drop a line to the Chairman Edwin C. Ritchie, Shillington, Pa., and remember the banquet is open to all—Frats or non-Frads, all welcome.

Harry F. Sommer is spending a few days in Altoona, Pa., visiting friends and relatives, as are Mr. and Mrs. Roger Williams, spending the week with Mrs. William's parents, at Souderton.

Paul M. Gromis, Sylvester Housauer, Mr. Christian Snyder and Mrs. and Mrs. E. C. Ritchie enjoyed a corn, potato and onion roast on a farm along the Tulpehocken. Sunday A.M. Messrs. Gromis and Ritchie had their first taste of golf. It was found to have more excitement than it was thought to possess, the only disappointment being the prohibitory cost for a working man.

Rev. F. C. Smielau announces church services in Reading, September 13th. He will probably attend the Frat meeting on the 12th.

Don't forget to renew your subscription to the JOURNAL and don't forget October 10th at Reading, Pa.

AIRMAN AND BOY KILLED IN FLIGHT TO AID DEAFNESS.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 4.—A former army aviator and an 11-year-old boy, flying to cure the boy's deafness, were killed when their airplane plunged 2,000 feet just outside the city today.

The pilot was Capt. Walter Smith and the boy, Clifford Davis, both of Cleveland.

The velocity of the plane was so great its motor was buried in the earth.—*N. Y. Daily News*, Sept. 5.

PITTSBURGH.

John Rosensteel, of Ebensburg, is taking his family sight-seeing in Canada in his new Buick. Another to spend his vacation in the Dominion recently was Vincent Dunn.

The latter's stay there, however, was abbreviated when he was called back to attend the funeral of a relative.

While spinning along a narrow street in Altoona, August 9th, at a leisurely pace Merritt Postlethwaite's Ford was struck in the rear by a speeding car. Demolished wheels, bent fender and other minor damages to the Ford were the result of the crash. The offending party said that they had honked the horn in hope that the slow going car would make way for them to pass, but it was not heeded. Of course, they were not aware deaf people were there, still they realized they had no business to go ahead of any car on the two way narrow street, so had to make good the damages done the Ford with the insurance they carried. They exceeded the speed limit on that street, making themselves the more so at fault. The occupants of the wrecked car, all of whom escaped unhurt were Mr. and Mrs. Postlethwaite, Mr. and Mrs. Neff and children and Mary Smith.

A lesson may be learned from this accident. Motorists should make it a rule to keep to the right side of the street, especially when going slow instead of in the middle.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Butterbaugh, of Altoona, celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary with a reception August 8th. They were, the recipients of many pretty and useful gifts.

Mr. and Mrs. Truman Ingle, teachers at the Edgewood School, have returned from their two weeks vacation trip, which they took in their car to Chicago and St. Louis.

Mrs. Bessie Pirtle, Gallaudet, '10, (Normal) is back in our midst. Some time ago her husband secured a lucrative position with a large department store in Chicago, but no sooner had he taken up his duties than his health was undermined. The illness lasted for months, and as yet he has not fully recovered, but expects to resume work anytime though where is not known. Mrs. Pirtle joins the teaching force of the Edgewood School this fall, filling the place vacated by G. M. Tegarden, retired.

The wife has returned from the west and is now ironing the wrinkles out of hubby's face. During her absence he had dwelt in the "Thought of Despond." She spent several days with her old college classmate, Mrs. J. W. Thomas (Margaret Leveck) at Olathe, Kan., where the State School is located. At a card party given in her honor, she had the opportunity to meet other friends, among them Mrs. Iona Tade Simpson and Mrs. Williams Unsworth, both of whom are Gallaudetians. The latter came from her Akron home to spend several months with relatives in Kansas.

Over 200 attended the Frat picnic on the Edgewood School grounds Saturday, August 22d. There would have been even a larger crowd had the date of the picnic been announced in the last Pittsburgh column of this JOURNAL. "Ye local" was taken to task for this negligence as a good number of the deaf of Altoona had planned to come, but gave up seeing that there was no announcement of it, which led them to believe that the affair had probably been called off. The last letter was written with greased lightning speed in order to get it out in time for the press, hence the oversight. Regrettable it was that it happened to be the all important thing. The offender now sees that he should have always made it a point to announce all the coming events before sealing the mess. A little imp attached a "Kick Me" plea to Mr. Frank Leitner's behind. Whether he was subjected to the indignity when it is not known as it was still hanging on when he (offender) left the grounds. Sports was the greatest delight of the day nearly half the picnickers, including Superintendent Manning taking in the contests. Samuel Rogalsky did himself proud in getting up such a variety of contests. The winners were:

50 yards dash for small girls—Catherine Havens, Betty Holliday, Fungo hitting—E. McElroy, Wagel, Couple's Race—Mrs. Tussing with Mr. Manning.

Ball Throwing for Women—Dorothy Havens, Daisy Morrison.

Blowing balloon till it busted—Mrs. W. E. Bosworth, Miss Schifflins, Needle and Thread Contest—Miss Edwards with Mr. H. McElroy.

Biscuit Eating Contest (Women)—Miss Rose Borres, Miss Birdie King.

Cigarette Smoking—Mr. R. Brown, Mr. Willingham.

Human Wheelbarrow—Mr. Phillips with Mr. J. J. Jovovich.

Blindfold Race—Mr. McElroy with Miss Schifflins.

Peanut Scramble for All—H. McElroy, John Stanton.

Centipede Race—H. McElroy's side, Mr. Willingham's side.

Base-ball game between married and single men. Single won, 1-0.

Hot dogs, pop, ice-cream, sandwiches, and coffee were sold bringing in a nice profit.

Mrs. William Kuntz (Jane Thornton), of Akron, is a guest of Mrs. Jacob Hess for a week, after which she will be to Turtle Creek for a visit with her relatives for the same length of time.

Mrs. Ernest Cowley, of New Castle, was in the city for a few days recently. The main object of her coming was to visit Mr. Cowley's mother, who is ill in the Western Pennsylvania Hospital.

They are getting up a foot-ball team to go by the name of Pittsburgh Silents. Practice has already begun this early. Herbert Rickerbrode has been elected captain and Roy Ludovico, manager. It is years since Pittsburgh silent team has done anything worth mentioning, but the prospects this year are promising. Send in a challenge.

Dates ahead: Frat dance at Walton Hall, Sept. 19th. P. S. A. D. Corn Roast, Sept. 12th. Place not decided on yet.

F. M. HOLLIDAY.

Binghamton, N. Y.

On Sunday, August 16th, a large party of members of the Deaf-Mute Worker Club took the delightful trip with their picnic baskets in the bus belonging to Mr. Frank Krob, whose brother is a deaf-mute (ex-pupil of Fanwood), to Lake Cincinnati, twenty-four miles from Binghamton. When they arrived there, they started to take luncheon, and the trouble they had was to find a suitable place, where they could gather together. Lastly, they found a "worm out" table under the shade. What made them feel unhappy was the fact that they were growing hungry. "The hungrier they grew, the more they thought of the delicious food." By eating refreshments, they kept decreasing their hunger till their stomachs were full. No beer was drunk, but plenty of spring water was freely drunk.

No athletic sports were planned on account of the poor ground. They did not deliberate a while before they could agree, where the sports should be started. Late in the evening they returned home with happy remembrance. The picnic was well managed by Mr. James Lewis, Chairman. Among those in the party are: Mr. and Mrs. Race, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewis and baby, Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. King, Mr. and Mrs. Decker, Mr. and Mrs. Smith Austin, Mr. and Mrs. Garbett and children, Mr. and Mrs. Stafford, of Oxford, N. Y.; Mrs. Pat Quinn, of Horseheads, N. Y.; and Mrs. Henry Skinner, of Elmira; Mr. Schereuman and son, of Endicott, N. Y.; Mrs. Charles Austin, Messrs. Geo. Lewis, Art Rodman, Fausto; Holon, Lewis Garbett, Jr., and his brother, Albert, and Misses Lason, Cohen and Oakley, of Scranton, Pa.

The wife has returned from the west and is now ironing the wrinkles out of hubby's face. During her absence he had dwelt in the "Thought of Despond." She spent several days with her old college classmate, Mrs. J. W. Thomas (Margaret Leveck) at Olathe, Kan., where the State School is located. At a card party given in her honor, she had the opportunity to meet other friends, among them Mrs. Iona Tade Simpson and Mrs. Williams Unsworth, both of whom are Gallaudetians. The latter came from her Akron home to spend several months with relatives in Kansas.

Over 200 attended the Frat picnic on the Edgewood School grounds Saturday, August 22d. There would have been even a larger crowd had the date of the picnic been announced in the last Pittsburgh column of this JOURNAL. "Ye local" was taken to task for this negligence as a good number of the deaf of Altoona had planned to come, but gave up seeing that there was no announcement of it, which led them to believe that the affair had probably been called off. The last letter was written with greased lightning speed in order to get it out in time for the press, hence the oversight. Regrettable it was that it happened to be the all important thing. The offender now sees that he should have always made it a point to announce all the coming events before sealing the mess. A little imp attached a "Kick Me" plea to Mr. Frank Leitner's behind. Whether he was subjected to the indignity when it is not known as it was still hanging on when he (offender) left the grounds. Sports was the greatest delight of the day nearly half the picnickers, including Superintendent Manning taking in the contests. Samuel Rogalsky did himself proud in getting up such a variety of contests. The winners were:

50 yards dash for small girls—Catherine Havens, Betty Holliday, Fungo hitting—E. McElroy, Wagel, Couple's Race—Mrs. Tussing with Mr. Manning.

Ball Throwing for Women—Dorothy Havens, Daisy Morrison.

Blowing balloon till it busted—Mrs. W. E. Bosworth, Miss Schifflins, Needle and Thread Contest—Miss Edwards with Mr. H. McElroy.

Biscuit Eating Contest (Women)—Miss Rose Borres, Miss Birdie King.

Cigarette Smoking—Mr. R. Brown, Mr. Willingham.

Human Wheelbarrow—Mr. Phillips with Mr. J. J. Jovovich.

Blindfold Race—Mr. McElroy with Miss Schifflins.

Peanut Scramble for All—H. McElroy, John Stanton.

Centipede Race—H. McElroy's side, Mr. Willingham's side.

Base-ball game between married and single men. Single won, 1-0.

The labor of a day will not build

virtuous habit on the ruins of an old and vicious character.—Buckminster.

DERF GNIK.

The labor of a day will not build

virtuous habit on the ruins of an old and vicious character.—Buckminster.

The labor of a day will not build

virtuous habit on the ruins of an old and vicious character.—Buckminster.

The labor of a day will not build

virtuous habit on the ruins of an old and vicious character.—Buckminster.

The labor of a day will not build

virtuous habit on the ruins of an old and vicious character.—Buckminster.

The labor of a day will not build

virtuous habit on the ruins of an old and vicious character.—Buckminster.

<p

EXTRA!

EXTRA!

EXTRA!

First Prize \$25.00 for Fancy Costume
Other Cash Prizes for Novel Costumes

SECOND ANNUAL
ADVERTISING BAL MASQUE

under auspices of

Manhattan Division, No. 87

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf
will be held at

Odd Fellows' Memorial Hall

301-309 Schermerhorn Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 21, 1925

MUSIC BY WASS SYNCOPATORS

TICKETS - (including wardrobe) - ONE DOLLAR

How to Reach the Hall—Take Lexington or Seventh Avenues Subway to Nevins Street Station, and walk two blocks to the Hall.

ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE

Julius Seandel, Chairman

John N. Funk, Secretary I. Lovitch, Treasurer
A. C. Bachrach J. Larsen M. W. Loew
L. Weinberg Henry Plapinger Max Hoffman
M. O. Kremen C. Sussman Leopold Frey

Monster Athletic Meet and Dance

Under the Auspices of

Brooklyn Division No. 23
NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF

At the 69th REGIMENT ARMORY
LEXINGTON AVENUE, 25th to 26th STREETS, N. Y. CITY
Easy To Reach From Anywhere

1 Mile Relay; (Boys of Schools for the Deaf; silver cup)
Half-Mile Relay (Closed to Frat Divisions; silk banner)
100 Yards Dash; (Open to all; gold, silver, bronze medals)
1 Mile Run; (Open to all; gold, silver, bronze medals)
1 Mile Relay; (Open to Clubs; silver cup)

NO ENTRANCE FEE

Mail Entries to the Secretary of the Athletic Committee,
Jack Seltzer, 65 Hinsdale Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Saturday Evening, Nov. 28, 1925
Games Start at 8 P. M. Sharp Music by the 69th Regt. Band

Admission - - One Dollar

HARRY J. POWELL, Chairman JOHN D. SHEA, Vice-Chairman
ALLAN HITCHCOCK, Treasurer
And a Committee of Twenty Members

Annual Bal Masque

UNDER AUSPICES OF THE
SILENT ATHLETIC CLUB
OF PHILADELPHIA

TURNGEMEINDE HALL

Broad Street and Columbia Avenue

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday Evening, November 7, 1925

ADMISSION (including war tax and wardrobe) **ONE DOLLAR**

Cash Prizes for Costumes Excellent Music

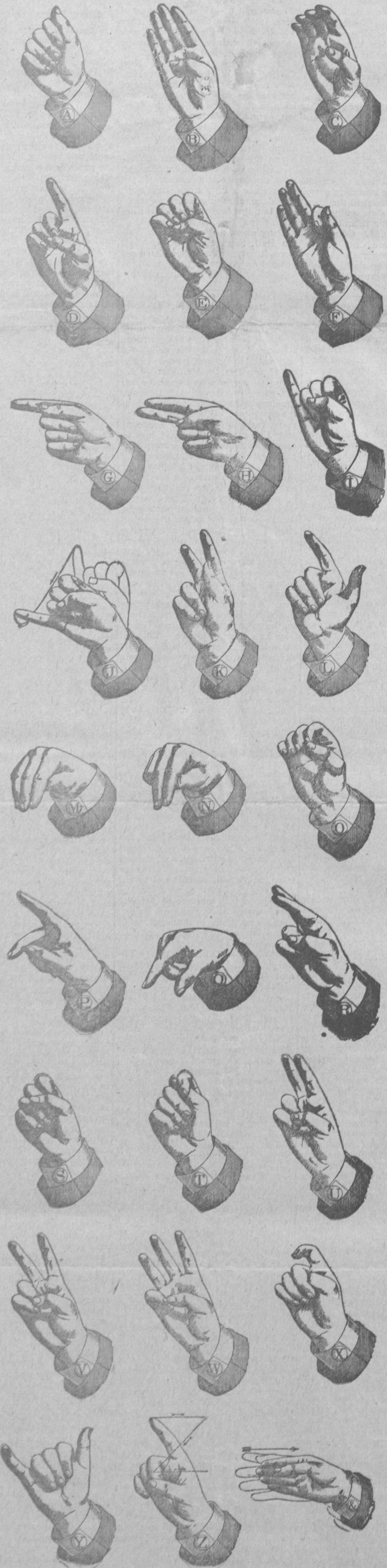
JAS. L. JENNINGS, Chairman.



AN INVITATION TO JOIN

Would you care for those whom disease has made
orphaned? Would you like to help those who have been wounded
and maimed? Would you desire that war might be
put to peace? Would you save life and prolong health?
Would you teach children to love and to serve? If so,
join THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS during the
Annual Roll Call, Armistice Day, to Thanksgiving,
November 11th to 26th, 1925.

AMERICAN MANUAL ALPHABET.



BIGGER AND BETTER H. A. D. BAZAAR

December 9, 10, 12, 13, 1925

BUILDING FUND

Two Floors at H. A. D. Headquarters, 308 Lenox Avenue, near
Corner 125 Street, New York City

LENA STOLOFF, Chairlady

RESERVED FOR
HEBREW ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF'S CHARITY BALL
Saturday, January 30, 1926

The

**NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY**

Provides for your family and
for yourself with policy con-
tracts not excelled in all the
world.

No discrimination against deaf-
mutes. No charge for medical
examination.

Can You Ask More?

When you think of Savings, go
to a Bank. When you think of
Life Insurance plus savings,
write or see—

MARCUS L. KENNFRY

Eastern Special Agent
200 West 111th Street, New York

CONSERVATIVE
INVESTMENTS

GOVERNMENT OF THE ARGENTINE
NATION

External Loan Sinking Fund 6% Gold
Bonds, due 1959 at 96 1/4 and interest
Population over 10,000,000
Agriculture and live-stock raising its prin-
cipal occupations. It is one of the world's¹
chief exporters of cereals, meat, hides and
oil seed.

HOUSTON ELECTRIC COMPANY

First Mortgage Gold Bonds 6% due 1935
at 94 1/2 and interest

Operating 263 car- and 21 motor buses in a
territory populated by nearly 200,000.

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM

Investment Bonds
18 West 107th Street
New York City
Correspondent of
LEE, HIGGINSON & CO

Charles J. Sanford

Member No. 23, N. F. S. D.

MANUFACTURER OF FINE

**PLATINUM AND GOLD
MOUNTING**

DIAMOND JEWELERY

We carry a full line of ladies and
gentlemen's Watches American
and Swiss made

Also a full line of Platinum and
Gold Rings, Pins and Brooches
at Factory Prices

ORDER WORK A SPECIALTY

12 John Street

Room 64

NEW YORK

Telephone Cortland 1088

GUARANTEED FIRST MORTGAGE
5 1/2% Certificates
issued by

NEW YORK TITLE & MORTGAGE CO
on high class real estate
in New York City.

\$100 and upwards.

CAPITAL OVER \$14,000,000

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM
18 West 107th Street
New York City.

Secure as the bedrock of New York

**Many Reasons Why
You Should Be a Member**

BROOKLYN DIVISION No. 23, N. F. S. D., meets in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the first Saturday of each month. We offer exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write JOHN J. STIGLIABOTTI, 64 East Broadway, New York City.

Manhattan Div., No. 87
National Fraternal Society of the
Deaf, meets at the Deaf Mutes' Union
League, 143 West 125th Street, New York
City, first Monday of each month. For
information, write the Secretary, Max M.
Lubin, 22 Post Avenue, Inwood, New
York.

Bronx Division, No. 92
Meets at Bronx Castle Hall, 49th Street
and Walton Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. On
the first Friday of each month. Visitors
are welcome. For information, write to
Edward P. Bonvillain, Secretary, 1219
Wheeler Avenue, Bronx, New York.

Theatrical Entertainment

— AT —

ST. ANN'S CHURCH

October 17, 1925

MRS. J. H. MCCLUSKEY,
Chairman

HALLOWEEN PARTY

ausines of

N. J. DEAF-MUTES' SOCIETY, INC.

to be held at

197 Springfield Avenue

NEWARK, N. J.

October 31, 1925 At 8:30 p.m.

ADMISSION, 35 CENTS

[Particulars Later.]

The object of the Society is the social,
recreational and intellectual advancement
of its members. Regular meetings are
held on the second Thursday of every
month at 8 P. M. Monthly meetings are
set for social recreation Tuesday and Thursday
evenings, Saturday and Sunday
afternoons and evenings, and also on
holidays. Visits to coming from a
distance of over twenty-five miles, are
always welcome. Max Miller, President;
Joseph Mortillaro, Secretary. Address
all communications to 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB

ORGANIZED 1928

INCORPORATED 1928

4TH FLOOR, 61 WEST MONROE STREET
CHICAGO

Out-of-town visitors are welcome to visit
American Deaf Mute Premier Club.

Stated meetings..... First Saturday
Jesse A. Waterman, President
Gilbert O. Erickson, Secretary.

Literary Circle..... Fourth Saturday
Dr. G. T. Dougherty, Chairman

Entertainments, socials, receptions
Second and Third Saturdays

Address all communications in care of the
Club rooms open: Thursday, Saturday
and Sunday.

SPACE RESERVED FOR

JERSEY CITY DIVISION, NO. 91,

N. F. S. D.

GRAND BALL

Saturday, February 27, 1926

Admission - - Ten cents

Mrs. Hjalmar Borgstrand, Chairman

Volta Bureau
1925